

SHARK IN THE SURF

A Pearl Buyer Is Tossed into the Sea as Food for It.

HOW THEY DEVOUR A MAN

A Traveler Tells a Story of What He Saw One Day in the Harbor of Madras - The Buyer Merchant.

A wild sea was running high in the open harbor of Madras. The sea always runs high there, and in the last two miles must always be made in surfboats. The morning when the steamship Tigress dropped anchor and ran up her signal for the boats, great angry waves were bowling along before a fresh monsoon, and even the surfboats found it hard to keep dry.

Among our passengers from Ceylon for Madras was a dapper young fellow, who was as good a judge of pearls as I ever saw. He had been to Ceylon buying for an English house, and was now on his way to the Persian gulf to complete his stock. He was to leave us at Madras to go overland to Bombay.

He knew how to buy pearls, but he did not know how to take care of them. Before he had been on board a day he had told me all about his luck in Ceylon and had shown me his entire assortment. One of the pearls was simply gorgeous. Had it not been for a faint dot of blue upon one side it would have been worth a small fortune. He was delighted with my appreciation and enjoyment of the stones, and he showed me his treasures several times during the short voyage. Twice he left me alone with them. It was not, however, through any particular confidence in me, for I suspect he made quite as free with his treasures among several of the passengers. One was a Parsee, who was forever going between Ceylon and Madras, for what purpose I could never discover, though I had met him several times.

Whatever else he was I was sure that the Parsee was a great rascal, and was surprised and sorry for the young pearl man to find him making a most intimate friend of the fellow.

Together they stepped down the ladder to enter a surfboat as we neared Madras. The young man went down first with his case of precious pearls in his hand. The Parsee was stepping into the boat when he paused and spoke to its black captain.

"I have forgotten something," he said, turning to the younger man. "I must come by another boat; I will meet you at the hotel."

He gave the surfboat a push with his foot and began to climb the ladder. A sailor who was standing by me muttered:

"There's a shark in the surf yonder." But instead of looking away over the water he looked directly down upon the Parsee and then at the young pearl man.

Of course there was a shark in the surf. There are always sharks in that surf, but to me the sailor's sentence meant something more than that.

The Parsee simply walked behind the saloon house, stood there two or three minutes, then left the steamer by another boat. My curiosity was thoroughly aroused. Glass in hand I watched the two boats, a quarter of a mile apart, still wondering what the sailor meant by "a shark in the surf."

Presently one of the great waves lifted the first surfboat, but instead of taking the usual advantage of it to dip their oars and pull I distinctly noticed the boatmen sitting like statues. The almost naked fellow standing in the stern, with a long oar to guide the craft, suddenly leaned upon the gun, and the boat turned, was caught broadside on the wave and the next instant was capsize. I saw the passenger, with the pearl case still in hand, plunge head first into the water.

Like so many eels the black boatmen wriggled about in the water till they righted their boat, then clambered over the side and began to bail it out. Not one of them seemed to give a thought to their passenger.

The next moment a piercing shriek sounded even as far as our steamer, and to my horror I saw the young fellow's body lifted out of the water not ten feet from the surfboat. It made one whirl in the air, disclosing the head of a shark holding it across the back, then sank again.

As the next boat passed the place I saw the Parsee throw something overboard that left a white spot on the water, which remained as long as I watched it, convincing me that it was a buoy of some sort set for some purpose.

A few days later we were anchored in the Hoogly river, off Calcutta.

I was walking down the principal English thoroughfare when I saw the Parsee emerge from the door of a laundry. He evidently recognized me, but he turned quickly in the opposite direction and walked away.

"A shark in the surf," I muttered, and with only a vague idea half formed in my mind I entered the shop and inquired of the dealer if he had an assortment of pearls on hand.

"How fortunate!" he exclaimed. "I was never so low as this morning. Pearls are in very great demand. But I have just purchased a large lot of the finest pearls I ever saw. I purchased them very low for cash, and I cannot only give you the first choice of this magnificent collection, but a great bargain besides. They are beautiful! Yes?"

"Yes," I replied, "they are beautiful, especially this one with a dot of blue upon one side. Too bad that it has the flaw."

I knew then why the Parsee went down to the surfboat and spoke to the captain, but went ashore by another boat. I knew why he left the white buoy in the water. I knew why he continually journeyed between Ceylon and Madras, and I knew what the sailor meant when he watched him and muttered, "There's a shark in the surf."

Atlanta Correspondent.

A Skeleton Story.

Dr. W. S. Howell, brother of the editor of the Vienna Progress, had a skeleton in a box. One day he pulled out the ugly, ghastly, grinning skull and began to handle it. Finally he decided that he wanted that skull opened so that he could study the inside structure. There being several seams in the skull he decided to fill the skull with pins and soak them in water, thinking that they would force the seams apart.

He asked the editor to help him, and the latter poured pins and water into

the hollow bone and corked up the eyes and nose holes to keep them from running out. Some time after the editor was startled to see that pins had sprouted in the skull and the vines were of most wonderful growth. Out of the hole where the backbone is joined to the neck an army of little vines had grown, and by some unknown instinctive power they had twined in and through all the bones of that body.

The young tendrils had wrapped around the stovepipe and table legs and the whole skeleton had been reared upward in the middle of the room. From the nostrils and eyes vines were streaming that had clustered around and upon the process, stands and tables, and from each joint hung a pod in likeness of a small skull, the exact counterpart of the large one. It is rumored that when the editor beheld these things he left the office by the window route, and the skeleton is still in full editorial control. -Chicago News.

OFF THE BATTERY.

Tugs and Ferryboats in a Tangle, and a Girl in Red Who Liked Gum.

A few minutes before noon the other day a tow of twenty-two loaded canalboats swung briskly around the Battery from the North river. The column was formed of four fours and two threes, and was headed by two big tugs. On one of the canalboats a girl in a vivid red calico dress and with bare legs swung in a hammock and chewed gum. There was a strong ebb tide, so when the big tugs with their unusually long tow lines had pulled up the East river almost to the foot of Wall street and had slowed up, the twenty-two canalboats bounded back like balls at the end of rubber cords, lifting the two lines dripping from the water.

The line of boats wrapped itself snugly across the openings of five ferry slips. Five ferryboats wanted to get out and could not. Five ferryboats—the Bay Ridge, Staten Island, South Brooklyn, Hamilton avenue and Atlantic street—wanted to get in and could not. They all whistled hoarsely, and the passengers crowded to the sides of the boats to see what was the matter.

Thousands of people on the ten locked in and looked out ferryboats saw the red girl in the hammock, but she swung and chewed unconcernedly.

The river became dotted with tugboats which wanted to get in other slips, or which just pulled up along to see the row. The biggest of the big tugs at the head of the tow whistled for assistance, and six tugs glided up alongside of the canalboats and made fast. Then nobody seemed to know just what was wanted and a deafening lot of whistle signals were sounded.

The captains of the ten ferryboats began making impolite remarks to the captains of the eight tugs, the deckhands on the ferryboats became purple in the face with suppressed emotions; the deckhands of the canalboats drowned the screaming whistles with strange oaths such as are used to exhort towpath mules, and thousands of delayed passengers were bathed in sympathetic perspiration, but that bare legged girl swung on.

The wharves became lined with idlers, who gave advice. Policemen appeared. Other ferryboats, lighters, tenders, annexes, transports and more tugs came up. They all whistled. The delayed passengers let their sympathy; the captains ceased to swear for the want of breath, the deckhands howled hoarsely, and when everybody was on the verge of dissolution the canalboats were pushed up against the wharves where they belonged.

The girl in the red calico gown swung peacefully and chewed her gum in placid meditation. -New York Sun.

The Electric Fire Engine.

An electrical application, which is only waiting until electricity can be as extensively distributed as water to be generally adopted, is the electric fire engine. It is even now being used to a limited degree. In an experiment at the late Crystal palace electrical exhibition the motor was worked on a circuit at a pressure of 105 volts. With this pressure, when running at about 450 revolutions per minute, the pump propelled a jet of water from a 1-inch nozzle to a height of 100 feet, the water pressure being seventy-five pounds per square inch.

With two delivery hose pipes on at once, having nozzles respectively one inch and seven-eighths inch, the motor ran at 550 revolutions per minute and the pressure was forty-five pounds to the square inch, the two jets rising to a height of about eight feet. The combination of an electric motor and a pump has manifest advantages over the steam fire engine, provided a supply of current is available.

In the case of the latter it is always necessary to keep up steam, so that time will not be lost when an alarm is sounded, and the fact that the motor is instantly ready for service as soon as a current is turned on makes it obviously better adapted to many conditions. It is beyond question that the day will soon come when the distribution of electricity will be so general that the pump operated by an electric motor will be the most important piece of fire fighting apparatus. -Pittsburg Dispatch.

Russian Fatalities.

One day a Russian village official was riding with me in search of some stray horses. The black soil was like dust, and he sighed heavily as his mare sank to the light stuff.

"Ah," he said, "what land is this? It is like a woman broken with sorrow. How can she find food for her child?"

"Has it been so all summer?" I asked.

"Not so, indeed. There was frost in spring, and men said 'Frost and fair weather.' But then came the dryness, and though much was said in the fields, it went to nothing. And then we dug up the drunks."

"The what?"

"The drunks, your honor. Often it is, that when the drunks are pulled out of their graves and flung into pools of water, that rain will come, we know not why. But not only rain came, but hail and snow storm and fire, and withered the little that was grown. Then after that, dryness again and now," he shrugged his shoulders, "the famine."

"Must there be famine?" I asked.

"Surely," he said with a smile, "the grain we have is soon eaten, and then what?"

"Will no provision be made for the future?"

"Who should make provision? Now we can bar much and eat much after-

ward—well, the little father will not see so die!"

So depending on the czar and public charity, they rest content in making no provision for the future. -Temple Bar.

Digging for Diamonds in India.

In India diamonds are found in alluvial workings and in the original gangue or bedrock. So far diamonds have been found in situ, both in the upper and lower Vindhyan rocks. These consist of a series of shales, limestones and sandstones, cut up and much mixed with intrusions of trap. A species of conglomerate made up of what looks like feldspar hornblende, with embedded pebbles of jasper, serpentine, quartz and sandstones is the matrix in which the diamond is found.

When exposed to the action of the weather, as in shallow workings, this conglomerate is of a rusty brown color and very friable, so that it can be readily broken and the gangue washed away, leaving the pebbles, which are of a white, red, blue and green color. A load of gangue yields about a quart of pebbles, and if from this a carat weight of diamonds is recovered the mine is considered worth working.

Overlying the diamond conglomerate are beds of hard sandstones and shales, which have to be cut through before the diamond gangue is met. In the deep mines the gangue is extremely hard and tough and of a green color. It requires months of exposure to the atmosphere and frequent sprinklings with water before the matrix becomes sufficiently friable to obtain the pebbles without breaking them.

All attempts to crush the matrix without destroying the included diamonds have hitherto failed, and owing to the long delay before the results are known, the natives seldom work the conglomerate in the rock workings unless it is somewhat decomposed and softened by the weather. The pebbles are about the size of hazelnuts and are generally opaque. The presence of green pebbles is considered a good sign by the native miners. -Mining and Engineering.

A Social Departure.



"Allow me, madame, to introduce my friend."

"But, sir, I have never met you."

"Oh, that makes no difference. My friend will introduce me." -Fliegende Blätter.

In His Own Good Time.

Of course it was evening.

The man who leaned fondly over the woman playing at the piano was no longer young.

Neither was the woman.

"Plinkity, plink, plink, plink."

The man tenderly turned a leaf and sighed.

"Plink, plink, tumity, tum, tum."

The woman played two notes which were not in the score and sighed also.

"Hannah."

"What?"

"Tumity, tumity, tumity, tum, tum."

"Is it, Robert?"

The man averted his face to hide his agitation.

"Plink, plinkity, plink, plink."

The woman blushed a rosy red.

"Hannah, I've—"

"Tumity, tum, ti, tum."

"Yes, Robert."

The woman was playing many notes not to be seen upon the score. Her hands trembled as they glided over the keys.

"Plinkity, plink."

"As I was saying, Hannah, I've been coming to see you a long time."

"Tumity, tum, tum."

"You have indeed, Robert."

"Plink, plink."

The touch of the trembling hands was becoming feeble.

"Most fifteen years, Hannah."

"Plink."

"Yes, Robert."

"Don't you think, Hannah?"

"Pi!"

The hands dropped nerveless.

"It would be all right, Hannah, if I—"

"Ye-yes, Robert."

"Plinkity, plink, plink."

She struck the instrument as one in a dream.

"If I should kiss you."

"Wow."

With a sudden resolution born of desperation he pressed his lips to hers for a single ecstatic instant and then ran wildly into the open air to recover. -Detroit Tribune.

To Keep Flowers Fresh.

Flowers may be kept fresh for a long time by putting a pinch of soda into the water in which they are held. They should not be gathered while the sun is shining upon them, but early in the morning or after the sun has been down for an hour. To revive wilted flowers plunge the stems to about one-third of their length into boiling water. This will drive the sap back into the flowers, causing them to become fresh. Then cut away the third of the stem which has been heated and place the flowers in cold water. -New York World.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.



POND'S EXTRACT CURES

Piles

Boils

Wounds

Bruises

Sunburn

Soreness

Sprains

Chafing

Sore Eyes

Sore Feet

Mosquito Bites

Hemorrhages

Inflammation

AVOID SUBSTITUTES

GENUINE MADE ONLY BY

POND'S EXTRACT CO., NEW YORK AND LONDON



TAR SOAP

Healthful, Agreeable, Cleansing.

Cures Chapped Hands, Wounds, Burns, Etc. Removes and Prevents Dandruff.

AMERICAN FAMILY SOAP.

Best for General Household Use.

A LESSON FROM NATURE

DR. VON PETERS

LIQUID

SULPHUR

Nature always administers sulphur in liquid form. Why not imitate nature. Liquid sulphur is simply a pure solution of sulphur. No secret is made of the result. The process of manufacture is the secret. Sulphur has been used by the medical profession time out of mind.

It will be found prescribed by the best authorities approved by the best practice. Liquid sulphur—internal—for the blood, stomach, liver, and kidneys.

Liquid sulphur—Lotion—All diseases of the skin.

Liquid sulphur—"For the bath"—Nature's cure for rheumatism.

Best liquid sulphur—"Special"—For diseases of women.

ON SALE AT THE DRUGGISTS.

Burdock BLOOD BUILDER

RESTORES LOST HEALTH.

Miss Lettie Carson of San Francisco, Mich. writes: "I have been troubled with a terrible headache for about two years and could not get any relief to help me, but at last I found Burdock Blood Builder which I did, and after taking two bottles I have not had the headache since."

SHORT LINE TO CHICAGO:

Via the Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee R.R. and

GOODRICH LINE.



The Magnificent New Fast Steamships,

"ATLANTA" AND "CITY OF RACINE,"

Built expressly for this route. Each Steamship 1,200 tons burthen, with Sleeping Accommodations for 30 Passengers.

NOTE—These steamships have immense reserve power, which enables them to make their regular schedules in the most unfavorable weather.

SCHEDULE: Leave Grand Rapids daily, except Sunday, at 6:10 p. m. via D. & M. R. R. arrive in Grand Haven 6:10 p. m. Leave Grand Haven 8:30 p. m. daily, except Saturday, via Goodrich Line, arrive in Chicago 6 a. m.

NOTE—Saturday trips resumed on May 14. RETURNING, LEAVE CHICAGO daily, except Sunday, at 7:30 a. m. via Goodrich Line, and arrive in Grand Rapids at 6:45 a. m. daily. NOTE—Sunday trips resumed on May 15.

GRAND RAPIDS TO CHICAGO, ONLY

And for the Round Trip \$2.50. State Room Berth Included.

Through tickets can be had at the City Office and depot of the D. & M. R. R. Grand Rapids, also at all stations on the D. & M. R. R. L. & N. R. R. G. R. & I. R. R. and I. S. & M. R. R.

In effect April 26, 1892.

Goodrich Trans. Co., CHICAGO.

COAL.

TRY US

We do not handle "Old Lee" or similar grades of Coal. We guarantee our Coal to contain no clinker.

LEPPINK & CO.,

COAL, WOOD, AND GAS HOUSE COKE. Telephone 347. 127 Grandville Ave.

ORDER

Scranton Coal.

—OR—

E. A. HAMILTON.

"THE BEST IS NO BETTER AND THE POOREST NO CHEAPER."

Office Under National City Bank. Telephone 1185.

TRY OUR SIZE!

NO. 2 CHESTNUT COAL

At \$6.25 ton.

BURNS JUST AS WELL

BUY A TON AND SEE.

A. B. KNOWLSON,

35 PEARL STREET.

SEND IN YOUR ORDERS

FOR COAL.

A. HIMES,

1 Canal St., under Old National Bank and Sweet's Hotel. Phone 404.

PHYSICIANS.

A. L. COREY, M. D.

Office with Drs. Louis Roller and Groner. Monroe Street. Over Peck's Drug Store. Grand Rapids, Mich.

DR. MANNING A. BIRGE

DENTIST.

Special attention given to the treatment of children's teeth, with a view to the prevention or correction of irregularity.

Office at 38 The Hillier

DR. D. MILTON GREENE

Practice Confined to Diseases of the EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT

NO. 147 MONROE ST. New Kendall block, opp. Soldiers' Monument.

Office Hours—9 to 12 a. m. 2 to 5 p. m. Evenings by appointment. Pay day 12 till 1.

DR. M. H. PASCO,

No. 202 Cherry St., Grand Rapids. Hours—10 to 12 a. m. 2 to 5 p. m. Sundays 12 to 1 p. m. Telephone 185.

Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System and Sympathetic Cause of a nervous origin especially.

D. EMMETT WELCH

Practice Limited. Nose, Throat Eye and Ear

79 Monroe Street. GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN.

Who desires a good location position in the World's Fair city should write at once for prospectus of the various Metropolitan Business Offices, Chicago, Illinois. Locations in our building. Address: C. W. POWERS, Principal.

WOMEN Thousands of women have been cured of various forms of female complaints by using our specific. Cures guaranteed. Write for book, giving full particulars. Columbia Medical Co., 90 EIGHT ST., DETROIT, MICH.

\$1.50 BOOK FREE!

Special Good News to the Voter.

We offer a Beautiful Bound, Handsomely Printed, Elegantly Illustrated, Copy

of "The Life of Ben. Harrison,

by the Author of Ben Hur"

Absolutely free.



SOME THINKING

The voter cannot cast an intelligent Ballot unless he can appreciate the intricate manipulations of the wheels of government and become conversant to some extent at least with the fundamental facts and theories controlling the various great governmental departments, and he cannot hope to know the character of the chief executive unless he reads an Accurate and Impartial Biography, written and compiled by a Master Litterateur, equal to the difficult task.

Gen. Benjamin Harrison is a candidate for re-election. The Nation demands that the hero who led its armies in the Field, and who for four years has wisely and nobly steered the ship of state shall continue to hold the helm and guide our Nation through the perils of the future as ably as he has through those of the past. He who during the administration has saved the country from a series of threatening dangers, has brought Italy and Chile to the feet of our Republican throne, and made even England yield to American demands in the Behring Sea difficulty, is the man for the people of these United States.

Gen. Lew Wallace, who is